

# Black Lung Heartache

Joe Bonamassa

Well, I'm a man of the mountain  
I'm just made of dirt  
Of this earth, I traveled  
Like a shepherd and his herd  
And I said hang on, hang on  
Black lung heartache  
I sleep in a modest house  
These green hills I mind  
And if I plow, who'll tend my children  
Who will be by the side?  
And I said hang on, hang on  
Black lung heartache  
I've shed many tears  
Seems I can't shed no more  
You can see them on the table  
You can see 'em on the floor  
And I said hang on, hang on  
Black lung heartache  
I've seen many men  
They become hard as nails  
Carrying their hammers  
Like keys to a jail  
Now I said hang on, hang on  
Black lung heartache  
Now I said so long, so long  
Black lung heartache

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